

Hartford Republican

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

JO. B. ROGERS. - Editor and Proprietor

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1893.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR STATE SENATOR,
C. S. TAYLOR,
Of Ohio County.
FOR REPRESENTATIVE,
W. M. AWTRY.
FOR Supt. OF SCHOOLS,
G. S. FITZHUGH.

Our school interests will be zealously guarded and cared for by G. S. Fitzhugh.

C. S. TAYLOR is well posted on the needs of the people and as our State Senator will represent us honestly.

Lip E. Pike, one of the best professional base ball players in the country, died in New York last Tuesday.

C. S. Taylor, W. M. Awtry and G. S. Fitzhugh are a strong team and will not be balked by the team that now confronts them.

Is the Chattanooga City election last Tuesday the Democratic Mayor was elected by the small majority of 108 votes, and five out of eight Alderman that were elected were Republicans.

Don't let the school interests of Ohio county die, but vote for G. S. Fitzhugh for County Superintendent and he will devote his time and energy in giving us a better class of schools.

No man in Ohio county stands higher or has the confidence of the people to a greater degree than has W. M. Awtry, our candidate for Representative. Vote for him and you will be represented.

A movement is on foot to vacate the City Schools of Evansville, Ind., from the 19th to the 29th to give teachers and pupils an opportunity to visit the World's Fair at a rate of \$3.50 for round trip.

Mr. Whittaker may expect the three hundred majority from this county promised him by its Delegates at Beaver Dam last Tuesday, but the returns have yet to come in and its exceedingly doubtful about him getting them.

SEVEN hundred thousand people—probably the largest crowd ever assembled—visited the World's Fair on the 9th, Chicago Day, breaking the one day record at Paris by an overwhelming majority, and completely smothering the big Fair figures of any other exhibition ever held.

An old Pottawattamie Chief, Simon Pokagon, whose father, Leopold, deeded the land upon which Chicago is built, played an important part in the parade at the World's Fair on Chicago Day. He lives in Hartford, Mich., and was born sixty-three years ago the 27th day of last September, on the very day that his father made the deed to the agents of the United States.

INDIANAPOLIS, ex-President Harrison's home, gave Cleveland 640 majority last November. Since that time the people have learned a thing or two, and on last Tuesday in an election of Mayor, Clerk, Police Judge and six Councilmen the Republicans "swept up the face of the earth," electing every one of their candidates by majorities ranging from 2,500 to 3,000. How is this for a gain?

JAMES E. WHITTAKER, of Logansport, Butler county, was nominated by the Democrats at Beaver Dam last Tuesday as a candidate for State Senator for this the 7th District. Mr. Whittaker is as good a citizen as the District has in it and a man of some aspirations, having once been a candidate for Door-keeper of the House of Representatives. It seems that to be sacrificed was no choice of Mr. Whittaker's, but merely a determination on the part of the Convention that none of the rest of them would be, and probably more as a joke than a reality Mr. Whittaker accepted it, for knowing as he does that there is not a man in the District that even with a fighting chance could beat C. Slade Taylor, and as it is with a majority of a round one thousand staring him in the face, it's bound to be a joke.

An editor of a blooming county paper in the rural districts presents a full dress reception thusly: The widow of George Smith wore a dark coiffure, held in place by the pulley-bone of a sage hen, and looked first rate. Her daughter wore a negligee costume consisting of a red blanket, caught back with red hockeys, and held in place by means of a hame string. Miss Henry wore blue calico with bunch of grass at the throat. Miss Slytow wore straw colored bodice with rick-rack around the arm holes. After a pleasant evening a general row was indulged in, and the doctors and undertakers did the rest.

Wanted! One or two car-loads of good poplar lumber. Address, F. A. AMES & CO., Owensboro, Ky.

WASHINGTON.

This week has been far from satisfactory to the Administration. First came the dissatisfaction among Democratic Congressmen at the arbitrary order of Mr. Cleveland compelling them to submit their business with the President to private Secretary Huber, who decides whether they may or may not see the President. This dissatisfaction became so marked that an official explanation was given out from the White House, to the effect that the original order was issued because Mr. Cleveland had decided to accept the recommendations of members of his cabinet as to all appointments coming under their several departments and that it was therefore necessary for Congressmen to see him concerning appointments. The next move of the Administration was an attempt to stop the growing tendency towards a settlement by compromise of the silver dead-lock in the Senate, made through Secretary Carlisle who announced to the Democratic Senators that no compromise would be countenanced by the Administration, and that unless the Voorhees repeal bill was passed it would be kept before the Senate to the exclusion of the bill for the repeal of the Federal election laws, the tariff and all other political legislation, the idea being that the Southern Senators opposed to the Voorhees bill would be thus coerced into supporting that measure. It seems to have had a contrary effect, as for the first time Democratic Senators have since openly advocated compromise on the floor of the Senate and sharply criticised the Administration Senators for refusing to agree to it.

While nearly all of the Republican Senators believe that a compromise is the only way out of the silver deadlock, they are taking no part in bringing it about, feeling that the proposition for compromise should come from the Democrats as long as that party is in the majority in the Senate and responsible for legislation. The Republicans also know that any proposition they might make for a compromise would be misconstrued. In fact the treatment of the Republican Senators who favor the repeal of the purchasing clause of the silver law has hardly been fair, while counting upon their votes to aid in passing the bill when it comes to a vote, if ever does, and upon their assistance in any method that might be adopted to force it to a vote, Senator Voorhees has at no time taken them into his plans, or asked their advice. A natural consequence of this is that a number of Republican Senators who are from principle in favor of repeal will do nothing to help Senator Voorhees force a vote. As the case stands now the silver men are defiant and Senator Voorhees has publicly confessed his inability to get a vote.

The second week of the debate in the House on the bill for the repeal of the Federal election laws has been, if possible, even more uninteresting than the first, the Republicans allowing the Democrats to do the most talking, contenting themselves with interjecting a question now and then just to show the falsity of the Democratic arguments.

The big sugar trust now has a lobby in Washington, for the purpose of seeing that the Democratic members of the House Ways and Means Committee do not weaken under the great pressure that is now being brought to bear upon them and leave sugar untaxed. The sugar trust can well afford to spend a million or two dollars if necessary, to get a tax put upon foreign sugar, as experts figure that such a tax would enable the sugar trust to pocket anywhere from \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000 the day the tax went into effect. The whisky trust has also a lobbyist at work trying to get the revenue tax on whisky increased. This trust has an enormous quantity of whisky in bond and any increase in the tax would be just making it a present of so much money.

Representative Davis, of Kansas, showed the House Committee on Banking and Currency how little he knew about sound financial methods by an argument in favor of his bill to issue \$200,000,000 in fractional currency. His statement that the farmers were unable to pay their debts because of the scarcity of money was repudiated by every member of the Committee, Republican and Democrat alike, so far as their districts are concerned, and he was several times cornered by questions from members of the Committee. Mr. Davis is one of those who believe that all the government has to do is to keep on issuing money, without regard to its future redemption, in order to make everybody prosperous and happy.

The House Committee on Invalid Pensions wants to know about those pension suspensions as well as about some other methods of the present management of the pension bureau, and at its first meeting, held this week, it authorized the reporting of a resolution to the House calling for detailed information from the Commissioner of Pensions, and later got adopted by the House.

TOWN TATTER.

One of our oldest and most highly respected citizens tells this story of the good antebellum days. The actors were boys about twelve or fourteen years of age. One of them is now a citizen of this country, the other is a preacher in another State. The boys were at preaching at Alexander Schoolhouse one winter day when the ground was covered with snow. The boys, instead of listening to the sermon, spent the time in the yard snow-balling. Finally the boy,

who is now the preacher, got in a heavy hit on his companion and then retreated into the house for safety. But his friend was not to be put off, so preparing a very solid snow-ball he deliberately walked into the house where he found his companion apparently taking great interest in the sermon. The boy with the snow-ball took in the situation at a glance, but nothing daunted. He explained his uncircumlocution to the surprise of the preacher and his hearers by exclaiming: "Preacher or no preacher, Devil or no Devil, I'm going to hit him," and true to his word he let fly the snow-ball with unerring aim and slid out the door.

How few persons there are in the world who are really polite in all things. But there is no excuse for such "bad breaks" as was noticed on the Postoffice corner last Sunday evening. A large crowd was awaiting the distribution of the mail, and among the rest several young ladies and gentlemen. One of the latter had occasion to pass one of the young ladies a paper, and instead of carrying it to her, he threw it carelessly toward her. He fell several feet away and he did not offer to pick it up. The neglect was no doubt unintentional but it was quite noticeable and is merely an example of oft recurring failure on the part of folks in general to be truly polite.

Last Thursday while the Court of Claims was in session, Mr. S. L. Fullerton sent the following note to the parties addressed:

CASEBIER & BURTON:—
Please have my horse shot on his four feet only. S. L. FULLERTON.
At once—I want to ride this evening.

To which he received the following reply:

MR. FULLERTON:—
It is impossible to do as you ask. Your horse cannot be shot on his four feet—as he is bound to hold one up while being shot.

CASEBIER & BURTON:—
FORDSVILLE.
Health of the community good.
Rev. J. Boling preached a sermon to the children Monday night at the M. E. Church.
Rev. B. F. Jenkins filled his regular appointment here Saturday and Sunday.
Mrs. Mary McCarty returned from Owensboro Friday.

Miss Belle Whittinghill passed through town en route to her home at Rosine, where she will remain till Sunday.
Mrs. Eliza Walker is visiting relatives at the Walker House.
Miss Josie Patterson, of Prentiss, and Adolphus Johnson, Sulphur Springs, are the guests of Miss Anna and Bryan Petty.

Ed Forbes and wife spent Sunday at the home of their uncle, Col. Edward Forbes.

Prof. F. P. Stum, of Whitesville, is visiting relatives and friends here.

Miss Alice Brown has accepted the position as teacher of the Primary room. Miss Alice is one of our most intelligent young ladies and the position could not be filled by a more competent person.

The teachers of the Fordsville school gave a spelling match Friday night, which proved quite a success and reflected much credit on the teachers.

The Fordsville Teachers' Association, which met at Haynesville, was not very successful owing to the great pressure that is now being brought to bear upon them and leave sugar untaxed. The sugar trust can well afford to spend a million or two dollars if necessary, to get a tax put upon foreign sugar, as experts figure that such a tax would enable the sugar trust to pocket anywhere from \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000 the day the tax went into effect.

Master Watman Brooks, who has been quite ill of malaria fever, is improving.

Mr. Dabney Gaines, one of our oldest and honored citizens is ill at this writing.

Mr. White Sanders, who lived near Fordsville, died on Saturday, September 30, 1893. Mr. Sanders had been ill some time. He was eighty-four years old.

Long live the dear old REPUBLICAN.

VIRGIE.
Only a Boy!

The above charming booklet sent by mail for One Dollar. 10 12
fr G. WRIGHT, Richardsville, Ky.

If you can afford to be annoyed by sick headache and constipation, don't use De Witt's Little Early Risers for they will cure them. L. B. BEAN.

Pay Your Taxes!

Under the new revenue law I must settle my accounts with the Auditor next month, and at the first of next month a penalty of six per cent is added to all unpaid taxes.

The money due as unpaid taxes must be paid at once, so please come forward and settle without further cost.

Very Resp'y,
J. P. STEVENS, Sheriff.

Men laugh when told that Tobacco injures them, who, if they were honest, would confess to nervous headache, fluttering of the heart, throat disease, disarranged stomach and a general breaking down of their system. Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets are the only remedy that effects a speedy and permanent cure.

DO YOU KNOW

Our friends not only in Hartford but elsewhere are requested to make contributions to this column. Give your name each time as a proof of good faith. We should like to have "Do You Know" from all the neighboring towns. Send in by Wednesday.

That Jim Williams is as cute as ever?

That E. Tracy is growing enormously fat?

That "Bat" Nall is still in the laundries?

That Bob Walker has left town and the streets are dull?

That the Hartford Lecture Club is a grand institution?

That Moore & Griffin conduct a general laundry business?

That John Vaughn looked awful bad on Sunday after the Fair?

That two teachers came in last Saturday, thinking it was pay day?

That B. Smoot pays so little a week to see his name in this column?

That "Dr. Rattlehead" has cooled off, and now says he does not want to fight?

That Will Fair is getting gray from trouble—his girl has gone back on him?

That the young duck who writes to the Louisville Star is sly, but I have found him out?

That S. E. Bennett still goes to the Bend?

That C. H. Ellis spent Sunday at Kinderhook?

Why Steve Woodward don't come to Kinderhook?

That you ought to subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN?

That A. B. Riley attended church at Mt. Hebron Sunday?

That THE REPUBLICAN grows more interesting with each issue?

That we have a good paper here?

That we will have a wedding soon?

That an ice wagon melted here last week?

That Less Black is the ugliest man in town?

That Arch Romans likes the million business?

That Sanford Newman is a jolly drummer?

That Harned Bros. & Co. have a big store?

That new business firms are starting up in Caneyville?

That THE REPUBLICAN is very popular among our people?

That we have more pretty girls than any other town in the State?

That Greely Romans is awful sly about where he goes Sunday evenings?

That you ought to subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN, as it is the best paper coming to this office?

BEAVER DAM.

That business is good?

That Tom Stevens is full of gas?

Why Fred Taylor is always chewing wax?

Why Bunker Barnes' head looks so slick?

That Beaver Dam has a lot of pretty girls?

That Byron Barnes looks like a monkey?

That Taylor-Hunt Co. will have a nice store?

That a Hartford boy got left here not long since?

Why Hob Taylor goes over Hartford so often?

That Tom Taylor goes after his mail 33 times each day?

That several people want to know who writes from this place?

That the boquet Charlie Parrott ought to have had never came?

That everybody is well pleased with THE REPUBLICAN at this place?

That Perry Westerfield is the best salesman that ever struck Beaver Dam?

That Ed Barnes can do more talking in 5 minutes than any other person can do in 30 minutes?

in HORTON.

That Willie Davis is our clown?

That we expect a wedding soon?

That we are for Taylor and Awtry?

That Goober Taylor likes Sarvies?

That Lonnie Sanderfur has lost his girl?

That Charley Childs feeds his girl on taffy?

Why Henry Taylor is much like a monkey?

That Major Black loves the name of Maude?

Why Loney Thompson can't afford a mustache?

That Mary Wedding is the sweetest girl in Horton?

That Willie Boswell is looking cross-eyed at B. M.

That Clyde Taylor says he is going to the World's Fair?

That George Liles' shoes were too slick at the candy pulling?

Why THE REPUBLICAN gets more interesting each issue?

That Randolph Wedding looks handsome in his base ball suit?

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Fall Clothing.

The condition of the market makes it possible for us to say

A FALL IN CLOTHING

You can get just what you need at just about your own price.

THERE NEVER WAS SUCH A TIME

And we hope, in all sincerity, that there never will be such a time again. But we can't mend matters by wishing—we must

BE UP AND DOING.

The goods were ordered when everybody thought times were good.

Our Stock Must Go!

So, if you can use a suit—and of course you can't get through the winter in a summer blazer—why

COME IN AND Take Your Pick.

This means business from the word jump!

FAIR BROS. & CO

Hard times Clothiers.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1893.

W. H. WILLIAMS LEADS.

Thos. H. Bean is at the Commercial Hotel. Call and see him.

You can depend on the Clover Leaf Shoe. CARSON & CO.

Big trade in Fair Bros. & Co's Millinery Department.

Try our \$1 Ladies Button Shoes. CARSON & CO.

Smooth will make you a good Photographer and he guarantees his work.

Every farmer that buys his Fall Goods at Fair Bros. & Co., saves money.

Call on C. R. Martin for jewelry and watch repairing—at Williams & Bell's.

It is useless to say that W. H. Williams has FREE DELIVERY, for they all know it.

FOR SALE—A fine young saddle horse, cheap for cash. Apply to S. A. ANDERSON, Hartford, Ky.

Remember that Thos. Bean is at the Commercial, where he will be pleased to see his friends.

Our local advertisers are all business men and can be relied upon to do just what they say.

Don't fail to try our ever reliable Milliner, Miss Sara Collins. CARSON & CO.

For fine groceries, tinware, confectioneries and fruits, call on Stevens & Collins. They will treat you right.

E. T. Miller, Prentiss, made an assignment Saturday for the benefit of his creditors. Liabilities not known.

Rev. J. R. McAfee will preach at Alexander Schoolhouse next Sunday at 3 o'clock p. m. The public generally is invited.

Last Monday as Henry Osborne was returning from Owensboro he lost a pocket-book containing \$75 and two valuable receipts.

If you want to be on time, just ride on Casebeer & Burton's "Bus". They meet all trains, and keep a first-class livery stable.

H. C. Pace has added two elegant new revolving chairs to his barbershop, and is now better prepared to accommodate you.

Mr. J. W. Ford has sold the Hartford House to J. W. Weaver, of Jefferson county. Mr. Carson will continue to run it for some time yet.

It will be awful nice to leave a picture when you are dead, so you had better call on Smooth and have one made while you are in good health.

Mr. Richard Bennett, of Beda, has sold his farm and stock and will start at once for Altoona, Florida, where he will make his future home. Mr. Bennett is honest, upright and industrious, and while we regret to lose him as one of our friends and citizens, we heartily recommend him and his family to those with whom they may cast their lot.

Dr. J. R. Pirtle leaves this morning for Nashville, Tenn., where he will enter the Dental Department of Vanderbilt University.

For the lowest price, and the best terms on School Furniture and apparatus, required by the new school law, see or write W. A. GISON, Agt. Hartford, Ky.

Buy the Anderson wear-for-ever Shoes for school. CARSON & CO.

LOST—One bay mare, about 16 years old, on the 27th ult. Finder will please leave her at M. C. Gilman's, Magan and be liberally rewarded.

Buy your School Furniture and apparatus, required by the new school law, of the United States School Furniture Co. W. A. GISON, Agt. Hartford Ky.

Mrs. W. M. Awtry, Horse Branch, being sick prevents Mr. W. M. Awtry from now being actively engaged in a canvass of the county. He hopes to be able to start out next week.

At Home.

Having had an excellent season "on the road" with my splendid photographic outfit I have now established my gallery permanently at my new house in Beaver Dam, Ky., where I am fully equipped for doing all kinds of photographic work. Cabinet photo's a specialty. Instantaneous photographs of children. Call and see my work. Very truly,

A. D. TAYLOR.

Excerpt from Hale.

On Saturday the 21st day of Oct., 1893, at the residence of the late Joseph C. Barnett, in Ohio County, Ky., we will offer for sale at public outcry to the highest bidder a lot of farming implements, horses, mules, cows, hogs, corn, hay &c.

Terms made known on day of sale.

WOOD TINSLEY, Exr.

Program of the Ohio County Baptist Ministers' Institute.

Which will convene at Beaver Dam, Ky., Friday Oct. 27, 1893.

1.—What course should be pursued with Baptists who remove into the vicinity of a Baptist church, but refuse to join it?—J. S. Coleman and A. G. Davis.

2.—Is it in keeping with Baptist practice or scriptural, to receive or to finally dismiss a member, whether by exclusion or otherwise, except by unanimous vote of all voting in the case?—J. T. Casebeer and W. H. Bell.

3.—Is it scriptural to expel a penitent and expectant transgressor from the church?—T. J. Morton and J. Likens.

4.—What should churches do with members who have means but refuse to contribute to the support of the church?—J. N. Jarnagin and W. G. Fullerton.

5.—Is an unregenerate man a free moral agent?—G. W. Gordon and B. F. Jenkins.

6.—The evils of annual calls to the pastorate?—D. J. K. Madox and A. G. Davis.

7.—The scriptural doctrine of predestination?—A. B. Smith and M. M. Hampton.

8.—The importance of Ministers' attending the meetings of the Ohio County Baptist Ministers' Institute—H. P. Brown and L. W. Tichenor.

6.—Repentance, what is it and what are its results?—E. D. Maddox and J. E. Acton.

Those Ministers that were not present at the last meeting will read the papers they prepared for that meeting. J. S. COLEMAN, Ch'm'n.

College Happenings.

J. H. Williams and W. H. Orsborne visited relatives in Daviess county Friday and Saturday.

A. S. Bennett visited his parents near Beda Saturday.

J. L. Brown is absent from school this week on the account of sickness.

Master Bonnie Barnett is in Louisville this week.

Misses Mabel Kimbley and Bertie Morton attended the Owensboro Fair last week.

Capt. M. H. Campbell, of Henderson, Ky., came up Friday and brought his two sons, Willie and Henry, and put them in school here.

Verily the R. E. C. do move. Miss Verda Duke "joined 'em" Friday. D. H. Howerton is a new member in the Adelphi Society.

Dr. Alexander proposes to quit debating with the boys, because he is always on the losing side of the question.

The fight between the boys and the girls in the Latin class is warmer and promises to make this one of the most interesting classes in school.

Prof. T. J. Coats, editor of the Greenville Muhlenberger, paid us a pleasant visit Tuesday morning.

Capt. W. H. Sandusky, proprietor of the Sandusky House, Central City, attended General Exercise Tuesday morning.

J. W. Power, of Tennessee, entered school this week.

Still the teachers have their meetings and they are proving very beneficial indeed. On Monday evening they met with Miss Nall. And with her as leader we dived down into the depth of the great Atlantic to search for the "lost Atlantis" and after much discussion they finally located it between Africa and South America, where it is supposed to have existed ages ago. On Wednesday evening they met with Dr. E. B. Pendleton. The subject for discussion was the "brain," the organ of the mind, led by Dr. Pendleton. They waded into deep water, but after awhile came to shore with several conclusions. Dr. J. E. Pendleton and wife were with us and he gave us quite an interesting psychological talk.

Misses Hennie Gunther, city, and Annie Allen, Rosine, attended General Exercises Thursday morning.

Mrs. Warriner and daughter, of Meridian, Conn., were welcome visitors to the primary room Thurs day.

The people quickly recognize merit, and this is the reason the sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla are continually increasing. Try it.

PERSONAL

Miss Sue Veiser is visiting in Owensboro.

Dr. A. B. Baird went to Lexington Tuesday.

Miss Sallie Cate went to Owensboro Monday.

Tom Beck, Spring Lick, was in town Wednesday.

A. L. Westerfield, Prentiss, was in town Wednesday.

Col. J. S. R. Wedding spent Saturday and Sunday in Rosine.

R. J. Mason, Buford, called to see us while in town Wednesday.

Truman Woodward, Centertown, gave us a pleasant call Tuesday.

Henry Osborne and Lee Stevens returned from Owensboro Monday.

E. P. Moore, Sulphur Springs, spent several days in town this week.

Mrs. J. M. Barnett and little son, Bonnie, are visiting relatives in Louisville.

Misses Bertie Morton and Mabel Kimbley returned from Owensboro Tuesday.

Mrs. G. J. Bean and daughter, Miss Anna, visited relatives near Sulphur Springs this week.

Mr. James F. Carson, the genial proprietor of the Hartford House, is visiting the World's Fair.

Miss Hortense Rogers, of the Liberty neighborhood, is visiting the family of her brother, Jo. B. Rogers.

Mr. Ike Johnson and wife, of Spring Grove, arrived in town yesterday to visit friends and relatives for several days.

F. L. Felix and wife, Miss Mary Nall, City, and Miss Maggie Duncan, McHenry, are attending the World's Fair.

Mrs. Rev. E. Warriner and daughter, Miss Edna, of Meridian, Conn., are visiting her daughter, Mrs. D. E. Thomas.

Thomas W. Casebeer and wife, of Muhlenburg county, spent Saturday and Sunday in town, the guests of J. M. Casebeer and family.

Mrs. M. L. Heavrin, Mrs. John R. Phipps and Miss Rosa Woerner will leave for Louisville Sunday, where they will visit friends and relatives for two or three weeks.

Lost—Pocket-book

On last Monday between Hartford and Owensboro a large black pocket-book containing Seventy-five Dollars (\$75)—one fifty dollar bill, two tens and one five. The finder will please leave at this office and be liberally rewarded.

HENRY OSBORNE.

Notice.

The Farmers Alliance and Industrial Union of Ohio County, will hold its next quarterly meeting with Clear Run sub-Union, Oct. 19th and 20th.

Every sub-Union in the county earnestly requested to send delegates to this meeting. We are authorized by the Chairman of the Executive Committee to remit all past dues of delinquent and reinstate all sub-unions on the payment of the semi-annual assessment.

Let every suspended Union in the county call a meeting immediately and send delegates to this meeting. The Alliance is bound to boom and all we need is your assistance. There will be some very important business transacted at this meeting and you are needed to help us. Fraternally,

JAMES P. MILLER,

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Hartford Republican

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1893.

THE LITTLE BROWN WREN.

There's a little brown wren that has built in our tree,
And she's scarcely as big as a big bumblebee.
She has followed a house in the heart of a limb
And made the walls tidy and made the floor trim
With the down of the crow's foot, with tow
And with straw,
The cooing dwelling that ever you saw.
This little brown wren has the brightest of eyes
And a foot of a very diminutive size.
Her tail is as red as the sail of a ship.
She's a dairymaid, though she walks with a hop
And a skip,
And her voice—but a flute were more fit than a peep
To tell of the voice of the little brown wren.
One morning Sir Sparrow came sauntering by
And cast on the wren's house an envious eye,
With a strut of bravado and toss of his head,
"I'll put in my claim here," the bold fellow
So straightway he mounted on impudent wing
And entered the door without pausing to ring.
An instant—and swiftly that feathered knight,
All towed and tumbled, in terror took flight,
While there by the door of her favorite perch,
As ne'er a lady just starting for church,
With this song on her lips, "He will not call again
Unless he is asked," sat the little brown wren.
—Clinton Scollard in Harper's Young People.

A LOVERS' QUARREL.

Dick and I had quarreled and parted.
I cannot tell you how it all began, but why it ended in this serious fashion, but I do.
"Oh, aunt, I feel very miserable as I have him striding away out of the fields, although I had told him to go myself. Still I never thought he would have taken me at my word."

"What shall I say to Aunt Maria?" I thought as I turned my steps homeward. This was a very serious reflection indeed, for it had been the dream of Ann Maria's existence to see me united to Dick Johnson, the handsomely son of our wealthy neighbor, Sir Henry.

Dick and I had played together at children, danced together, flirted together, and finally fell in love with each other.

We were to have been married in a month, and now I had sent him away and told him I never wished to see him again.

What was to be done—and, oh dear! what should I say to Aunt Maria? There was no help for it, however, but to go home and explain the situation to the best of my ability, and accordingly home I went.

Aunt Maria was in the drawing room, and I stole softly in and took up a book, hoping that she would not notice me. But she saw me directly and inquired:

"Where is Dick?"
"He has gone home," I replied, trying to assume an unconcerned manner and failing most signally in the attempt.

"Gone home? Why! Did you not tell him I expected him to dinner?"

"Yes."
"Then why is he not coming?"
"He had an engagement," I stumbled.

"For goodness' sake, child, speak out! Come here where I can see you. How red your face is! What is the matter?"

I rose obediently and stood before my aunt, who fixed a relentless gaze upon me.

"You have been crying," she said.

"Now, just tell me the truth at once, Daisy. Have you and Dick quarreled?"

"Yes," I faltered.

"And what about, pray?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know?" This in a very sarcastic tone.

I remained silent and fumbled for my pocket handkerchief.

"Who began it?" pursued Aunt Maria sternly.

"I don't know."

"Have you broken off your engagement?"

"Yes," I burst forth. "I hate him, and I will never speak to him again." Then I began to weep copiously.

"If you're going to howl," said Aunt Maria, with bitter irony, "you had better leave the room. I shall require a full explanation tomorrow from both you and Mr. Johnson."

I fled up stairs and did not appear again that evening. I passed a wretched night and had a fearful scene with Aunt Maria the next morning. She stormed and expostulated, but I remained firm in my resolve to return Dick's ring and presents that very day.

Accordingly I spent a couple of hours crying over them and packing them up.

After luncheon Aunt Maria announced her intention of visiting some pensioners of hers in a village about three miles distant and ordered me to accompany her, which I prepared to do with a very bad grace, I fear. We walked for about half an hour without exchanging a word, and a more thoroughly ill tempered pair of pedestrians could hardly have been found anywhere.

Our way led through some fields, and on reaching the first gate I noticed a man leaning against it. As we came up he opened it for us and politely raised his hat. He looked like a gentleman and was dressed in a well fitting suit of blue serge. I saw that he was a stranger and wondered where he came from, as strangers were rare in our secluded part of the world.

A little way farther on I looked back and observed that he was following us.

He overtook us before we reached the gate and passed us and opened this one also, again lifting his hat as we went by.

I thought this rather odd, but having resolved not to speak to Aunt Maria until she addressed me I held my peace.

At the third gate the same performance was repeated, but this time the stranger did not fall behind. He walked to Aunt Maria's side and asked, "May I offer you my arm?"

"Certainly not, sir," was the indignant rejoinder. "I have not the honor of your acquaintance, nor do I desire it."

"At least you will permit me to carry your umbrella," continued the stranger unabashed. Aunt Maria merely snorted, and clutching her umbrella more firmly marched on at an increased pace.

"Is there no little service you will allow me to render you?" pursued our unknown companion in a magic tones.

"Go away, sir!" said my aunt furiously.

"We do not wish for your company. Your having spoken to us all is a piece of the most unwarrantable impertinence."

"Do not drive me from you," was the reply. "I love you. I have loved you from the first moment I saw you. You are the only woman I have ever loved."

And with these words this most extraordinary individual threw himself on his knees right in Aunt Maria's path. At this point a light broke in upon me. There was a large private lunatic asylum in the neighborhood. This must surely be one of the patients who had eluded the vigilance of his keepers and escaped.

"He's mad," I whispered to Aunt Maria. "For goodness' sake humor him or he will kill us both. I have always heard me."

"Let me pass, this instant, sir," she gasped, crimson with wrath.

"Never! never! till you promise to be mine."

At this point, I regret to say, my aunt lost her temper altogether, and raising

her umbrella she brought it down on her suitor's head with such force that she quite crushed in the top of the leather he wore, and which was ultimately protected by a skull. For a moment he stood petrified with astonishment. Then he sprang to his feet, and seizing Aunt Maria in his arms lifted her bodily from the ground and carried her along the path. She struggled violently, and I followed, screaming for help.

The lunatic strode on until he reached the gate which led into a field, on one side of which ran a rather high stone wall. Upon the top of this wall he placed my unfortunate aunt and then stood and calmly surveyed her.

"Take me down! Let me go!" she shrieked.

"Not till I have your promise to a wife," replied the lunatic. "I am quite prepared to remain here until tomorrow morning if need be."

"Oh, aunt, do say 'Yes!'" I implored, but at this our persecutor turned upon me. "You have the goodness not to interfere!" he said, so fiercely that I was terrified and shrank back.

For about 10 minutes Aunt Maria sat on that wall and raved. Then she burst into tears. At this juncture I perceived a man's figure in the distance. Was this coming this way? Oh, joy, he was!

As he drew nearer I saw to my mingled delight and dismay that it was Dick, and seeing that the lunatic had his back to me I ran to meet him.

"Oh, Dick," I shouted as I came up to him, "we have been so terribly frightened by a madman! He has put Aunt Maria on the wall and says she can't get down until she promises to marry him. Do come and see her!"

Dick ran quickly to the spot, and the lunatic turned and faced him.

"You rascal!" cried Dick. "Stand back and let me take that lady off the wall."

"You shall not touch her," said the lunatic fiercely.

Dick took him by the coat collar and flung him aside with such force that he stumbled and fell. The next instant Dick had lifted Aunt Maria safely to the ground. He had scarcely done so when the madman leaped upon him, and a terrific struggle followed. Suddenly I saw the lunatic place his hand in the breast of his coat, and the next instant there was a flash of steel. He had drawn a knife.

"Oh, Dick!—oh, my darling!" I screamed. "He will kill you!"

In that moment I forgot our quarrel. I forgot everything except I loved him better than anything in the world, and that he was in peril of his life, and rushing forward I grabbed the madman's hand and hung on to it with all my weight. Aunt Maria screamed lustily for help, and as I spun round with the combatants I caught sight of two men running across the field.

Aid was near, so I clinched my teeth and held on like grim death. In a few seconds—it seemed like an eternity to the men were on the spot, and after a brief struggle the lunatic was secured and disarmed by the two keepers, who had been searching for him all day. As for me, the danger being over, I promptly fainted away. When I came to myself, Dick was kneeling beside me, supporting me in his arms.

"Are you all right?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes," I replied, with a smile. "I am quite well."

We all three walked home together, and Dick dined with us that evening.

Afterward, when I accompanied him into the hall to bid him good night, he asked as he held me in his arms, "Tell me, Daisy, would you have been sorry if that fellow had killed me today?"

"Don't talk about it, dearest," I answered, with a shudder. "It would have broken my heart."

"Then you cannot live without me after all?"

I leaned against his breast in silence, and he kissed me very tenderly.

Dick and I have never quarreled since, and I do not believe we shall ever quarrel again as long as we live.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Girl Who Walked.

[GLOBE-DEMOCRAT.]

Miss Hester Weymouth left Swan's Valley, in the southern part of Windham County, Conn., last June, with only three dollars, and after visiting the World's Fair, returned with a husband and fifty dollars that she had earned herself. Her father was a poor man and she had contributed to the support of her parents and given herself a liberal education as teacher of the Swan's Valley school. On the 16th day of June, her 23d birth day, she set out on foot. She took along a few dozen household novelties, carried in a handbag, for sale. She traveled directly West, and while she avoided the railroad for fear of encountering tramps, she followed the country roads, running parallel to the railroads. She reached Scranton, Pa., in good health, but her stock of novelties was exhausted and she purchased material used in embroidery and fancy work. This she sold and found herself growing better off financially day by day. She passed through the oil region, finally arriving at Cleveland, Ohio. Keeping the Lake Shore and Michigan railroad in sight, she followed the southern shore of

Lake Erie to Toledo. Between Cleveland and Toledo she sold paper dress patterns and cleared thirty-eight dollars. This business proved the most profitable and she continued it until she reached La Porte. She arrived at Chicago August 2 with about seventy-five dollars in her pocket. In Ohio, about half way between Cleveland and Sandusky, Miss. Weymouth was overtaken by a thunderstorm. For protection she fled to a large oak tree in the field a short distance from the road. When she reached the tree she found that it already sheltered a man. He proved to be a very respectable looking young fellow and before the storm had subsided they had become quite well acquainted.

The young man was the owner of the farm of which the field in which they were was a portion, and when he learned that the young woman was bound for Chicago, he gave her the address of his sister, who lived there, and asked her to call on her. When Miss Weymouth reached the town she called at the address given her, and found that the man's sister was the wife of a wealthy merchant. The young woman told her story, and was well received. Arrangements were made by which she was to perform certain household duties three days in each week for her board and lodging. The remainder of the time she devoted to visiting the Fair. Two weeks after her arrival in Chicago the young man from Ohio put in his appearance at his sister's house and laid such earnest siege to Miss Weymouth's heart that she consented to become his wife, a pastor was called and the knot tied. The newly wedded pair remained in Chicago ten days, and then left for Ohio. The young man proved to be prosperous, and accompanied his bride East for the purpose of bringing her aged parents to their Western home.

In Memory.

Of the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Slaver, who departed this life Sept. 30, 1893.

My sweet little Leona has flown.

To the arms of the angels above;

Her infantile graces are borne.

To a region of brightness and love.

Too ethereal and pure for this sphere,

Our Father has called her away.

To realms where no sorrow nor fear

Can ever overshadow our way.

To a home ever joyous and blest,

Where flowers most fragrant abound;

Where wisdom and mercy and rest

Shed a sweetness and halo around.

Then mourn not the casket so fair,

Embracing the sweet gleaming gem;

The pearl is now shining afar.

Adorning His bright diadem.

He gave her, He took her. He knew

Thy anguish so cruel and wild;

His mantle of mercy He threw

On thee and thy long suffering child.

Then bow to His will and resign

Thy Leona to His mighty arm;

For wisdom and love all divine,

Will shield her from sin and from

harm. STELLA.

That Little Word "Obey."

[N. Y. PRESS.]

With the increasing prominence and activity of woman in business circles come signs of a revolt against certain relics of the days of social antiquity, when she was man's slave. One of these is the presence of the word "obey" in the marriage services of liturgical churches, the use of which is by no means confined to the churches to which they belong.

The independent spirit of woman is getting rid of these four letters, which, in their liturgical order and connection, have such a deep significance. To be sure, the word "obey" has been a dead letter, a very, very dead letter, for many years. But this does not alter the fact that it is still there, and all women with a keen sense of honor object to making pledges as a matter of form, which they do not expect to keep. Nor does it mend matters for the ardent lover-bridegroom to assure his bride that it is simply there as a part of a contract which it takes two to make, and that, just as the whole of her marriage vow, too, so she promises to obey him, and this he privately swears never for one moment to do.

What is to be done? The virtue of obedience is one of the cardinal principles of the Roman Catholic Church, and the Episcopal Church has just revised its prayer book (without, however, omitting the objectionable word

"obey") and is likely to have a conservative reaction against any more revisions or amendments for many years to come. There seems little prospect of help from liturgical churches. The Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Unitarians and other denominations which, in whole or in part, use the Episcopal marriage service might be induced to leave out this word; just as they leave out whatever else seems to them superfluous. But so long as the word is there in the official copies of the service so long will it chafe woman and so long will the chafed

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